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Eight Ballads,

FROM THE

Original Black-letter Copies.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1846.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the following reprints, the early broadsides have been scrupulously adhered to, so as to make the one bear a close resemblance to the other.

Most of them must have been originally published many years before the copies that have come down to us were printed ; and with respect to two of them, (*vide* pp. 7, 35,) it is known that they appeared in works which came out in 1575 and 1563 respectively

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DEATH'S DANCE.

To be sung to a pleasant new tune called *Oh no no no not yet, or the meddow brow.*

If Death would come to shew his face
as he dare show his powre,
And sit at many a rich mans place
both every day and houre,
Me would amaze them every one
to see him standing there,
And wish that soone he would be gone
from all their dwellings faire.

Or if that Death would take the paines
to goe to the water side,
Where merchants purchase golden gains
to pranke them vp in pride,
And bid them thinke upon the poore,
or else, Ile see you soone,
There would be giuen them at their doore
good almes both night and noone.

Or walke into the Royall Exchange
 when every man is there,
 No doubt, his comming would be strange
 to put them all in feare
 How they do worldly buy and sell,
 to make their markets good ;
 Their dealings all would prosper well,
 if so the matter stood.

Or if Death would take the paines
 to go to Pauls one day,
 To talke with such as there remaines
 to walke and not to pray ;
 Of life they would take lasting lease,
 though nere so great a fine :
 What is not that but some would give
 to set them vp a shrine.

If Death would go to Westminster
 to walke about the Hall,
 And make himselfe a Counsellor
 in pleas amongst them all,
 I thinke the Court of Conscience
 would haue a great regard,
 When Death should come with diligence
 to haue their matters heard.

For Death hath been a Checker man
not many yeares agoe,
And he is such a one as can
bestow his checkrig so,
That never a clarke within the Wall
can argue so his case,
But Death can ouerrule them all
in every Court and place.

If Death would keepe a tipling house
where Ropsters do resort,
And take the cup and drinke carowse
when they are in their sport ;
And briesly say, my masters all,
why stand you idle here ?
I bring to you Saint Gibs his bowle,
'twold put them all in feare.

If Death would make a step to dance
where lusty gallants be,
Or take dice and throw a chance
when he doth gamesters see ;
And say, my masters, haue at all,
I warrant it will be mine,
They would in amazement fall
to set him any copne.

If Death would gossip now and then
 amongst the crabbed wines,
That taunts and railles at their good men
 to make them wearey liues,
It would amaze them, I might say,
 so spightfully to boast
That they will beare the swing and sway,
 and ouer-rule the roast.

If Death but quarterly would come
 amongst the Landlords crue,
 And take account of every sum
 that rises more then due,
 As well of income, as of fine,
 aboue the old set rent,
They would let leases without copne,
 for feare they should be shent.

If Death would take his dayly course
 where tradesmen sell their ware,
His welcome, sure, would be more worse
 then those of monyes bare :
It would affright them for to see
 his leane and hollow lookes,
If Death would say, come shew to me
 my reckoning in your bookes.

If Death would thorow the markets trace
where Conscience vs'd to dwell,
And take but there a hucksters place,
he might do wondrous well :
High prizes would abated be,
and nothing found too deare ;
When Death should call, come buy of me,
would put them all in feare.

If Death would proue a gentleman,
and come to court our Dames,
And do the best of all he can
to blazon forth their names ;
Yet should he little welcomes haue
amongst so faire a crew
That daily go so fine and braue,
when they his face do view.

Or if he would but walke about
our city suburbs round,
There would he giuen, out of doubt,
full many a golden pound
To spare our wanton small crew,
and give them longer day ;
But Death will grant no leases new,
but take them all away.

For Death hath promised to come,
and come he will indeed ;
Therefore I warne you, all and some,
beware and take good heed ;
For what you do, or what you be,
hee's sure to find and know you,
Though he be blind, and cannot see,
in earth he will destow you.

F I N I S.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF KING
JAMES OF SCOTLAND,

Who was slayne at Scottish Fielde, anno 1513.

Among the rest whom rewfull fate hath rest,
Whose shroudng sheetes hath wrapt their woful lyves,
Why haue not I a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tong with dayly talke revives?
Such is the wheele that froward Fortune drives;
To day a king of puissance and might,
And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

A happie life by happie end is tride,
A wretched race by wofull ende is knowne:
Though pleasant wind the ship do rightly guyd,
At last by rage of stormes tis over throwne:
The greatest oke with tempest is fyrst blowne.
Though Fortune seeme a lost to hoyse thy sable,
Yet Fortune ofte tymes smyles to small abyde.

I thought my bower buylt on happie soyle,
 Which under propped was with tickle stape ;
 Wherfore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the toyle,
 In hope for to have had a noble praye :
 In search whereof I reapt my fatall daye.
 With shamefull death my fame was forte to bow ;
 A gwerdon meete for breach of sacred vow.

A Prince his promise ought not to be broke,
 Much more his othe of ryght observde should be,
 But greedie gayne doth oft the mynde provoke
 To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by mee.
 Ambition blearde myne eyes, I coulde not see.
 I fynde though man with man his faith forgoe,
 Yet man with God may not [in deede] do so.

I was a king, my power was not small ;
 I ware the crowne to wield the Scottish land ;
 I raignde and rewlde, the greater was my fall :
 The myght of God no kingdome can withstand.
 An Earle wan of mee the upper hande ;
 With blodie sworde my lucklesse lyfe to ende
 By shamefull death, without tyme to amende.

Such was the force of Atrops cruell spight
 Unlooked for to cut my fatall lyne :
 My wretched carcass then was brought in sight
 Through London streets, wherat the Scots repine :

The endles shame of this mishap is myne.
Like butchers ware on horsebacke was I brought:
The King of Kinges for me this end hath wrought.

Let Princes all by me example take
What daunger tis to dally in such case;
By perjurye their saythes for to forsake,
Least seate of shame shall be their endles place:
Foule infamie shall their renoune deface.
Of falsoed faith such is deserved hyre,
And he must falle that will too hyghe aspyre.

Ye noble Peeres, whose lives with myne did end,
Send forth from graves your griesly ghosts ech one
To wayle the chaunce that Fortune vs did sende:
Let all the Scots powre out their plaints and mone,
That we to hedles haste were apt and prone:
Which rash beginning, vopde of Godly awe,
Had lyke successse for breach of sacred lawe.

I thought that Englande had beene far to weake
For my strong powre, when Henry was away,
Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake,
But yet I founde they were left in good stay,
With force and strength to purchase my decay.
Thus my aspiring minde had guerdon due,
Which may a myrror bee for men to vewe:

Wherby to shun the breach of sacred vow,
And not to seeke a lawlesse meanes to raygne,
For right will force vrsurped rule to bow
And reape repulse in steade of noble gaine.
Thus truth in tyme doth turne her foe to paine ;
And God him selfe doth shield the rightfull cause,
Then let men learne to lyue within his lawes.

ULPIAN FULWELL.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, in Fleet Street,
at the Temple gate, by William Hoskins. 1575.

CHRISTMAS' LAMENTATION

For the losse of his Acquaintance ; showing how he is forst
to leave the Country, and come to London.

To the tune of *Now the Spring is come.*

Christmas is my name, farre haue I gone,
Haue I gone, haue I gone, haue I gone,
without regard,
Whereas great men by flockes there be fowne,
There be fown, there be fown, there be fowne,
to London-ward ;
Where they in pomp and pleasure doe waste
That which Christmas was wonted to feast,
Melladay !
Houses where musicke was wont for to ring
Nothing but bats and howlets doe sing.
Melladay !
Melladay !
Melladay !
where should I stay ?

Christmas beeble and bread is turn'd into stones,
 Into stones, into stones, into stones,
 and silken rags ;
 And Ladie Money sleepes and makes moanes,
 And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and &c.
 in misers bags :
 Houses where pleasures once did abound,
 Brought but a dogge and a Shepheard is found,
Welladay !
 Places where Christmas Revells did keepe
 Is now become habitations for sheepe.
Welladay !
Welladay !
Welladay !
 where should I stay ?

Pan, the Shepheards god, doth deface,
 Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface,
 Lady Ceres crowne,
 And tillage that doth goe to decay,
 To decay, to decay, to decay,
 in every towne :
 Landlords their rents so highly inhaunce
 That Pierce, the plow-man, bare foot may dance ;
Welladay !

And farmers, that *Christmas* would entertain,
Haue scarce wherewith themselves to maintain.

Welladay!

Welladay!

Welladay!

where should I stay?

Come to the Country man, he will protest,
Will protest, will protest, will protest,

and of Bull Beeke lost;

And for the Citizen he is so hot,
Is so hot, is so hot, is so hot,

he will burne the rost.

The Courtier he good deeds will not scorne,
Nor will he see poore *Christmas* forlorne;

Welladay!

Since none of these good deeds will doe,
Christmas had best turn Courtier too.

Welladay!

Welladay!

Welladay!

when should I stay?

Pride and luxury they doe devoure,
Doe devoure, doe devoure, doe devoure,

house-keeping quite ;
 And beggery that doth beget,
 Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget,
 in many a knight.
 Madam forsooth in her coach must wheel,
 Although she weare her hose out at heele,
Welladay !
 And on her back weare that for a weed,
 Which me and all my fellowes would seed.

Welladay !
Welladay !
Welladay !
 where should I stay ?

Since Pride that came up with the yellow starch,
 Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,
 poore falkes doe want,
 And nothing the rich men will to them gine,
 To them gine, to them gine, to them gine,
 but doe them taunt ;
 For Charity from the country is fled,
 And in her place hath nought left but need ;
Welladay !
 And corne is growne to so high a price,
 It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes.

W~~ell~~laday !
W~~ell~~laday !
W~~ell~~laday !
where should I stay ?

Brietely for to end, here I doe find,
I doe find, I doe find, I doe find,
so great vacation,
That most great houses seem to attaine,
To attaine, to attaine, to attaine,
a strong purgation :

Where purging pills such effects they have shewed,
That forth of doores their owners have spewed;

W~~ell~~laday !
And whereas Christmas comes by and calls,
Bought but solitary and naked walls.

W~~ell~~laday !
W~~ell~~laday !
W~~ell~~laday !
where shall I stay ?

Phelomes cottage was turn'd into gold,
Into gold, into gold, into gold,
for harbouring Jove :
Rich men their houses for to keepe,

For to keepe, for to keepe, for to keepe,
 micht their greatnessse move ;
But in the City they say they doe live,
Where gold by handfulls away they doe give,
 Gle away,
And thether therefore I purpose to passe,
Hoping at London to finde the golden asse.
 Gle away,
 Gle away,
 Gle away,
 for here's no stay.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F.C., dwelling in the Old Bayly.

THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET.

The first part of the Widdow of Watling Street and her three
Daughters ; and how her wicked Son accused her to
be an harlot, and his Sisters bastards.

To the tune of *Bragandary*.

¶f the kind Widdow of Watling street
I will the storp tell,
Who by her husband deere was left
in substance very well.
A prodigall sonne likewise had she,
And faire young daughters louely three.
Great misery, sorrow and misery,
Commeth for want of grace.

¶For by his daily practises,
which were both lewd and ill,
His father's heart from him was drawne,
his loue and his good will :
But what chance so ere besell,
His mother lou'd him dearely well.

¶

When in prison [he] lay full poore,
 for debt that he did owe,
 His father would not stirre out of doore
 for to release his woe ;
 But when his mother his griele did see,
 Shee found the meanes to set him free.

And when her husband fell full sicke,
 and went to make his will,
 O husband, remember your son, she said,
 although he hath deene ill ;
 But yet, no doubt, he may returne,
 Repenting the euill he hath done.

Remember, wile, what sorrow and care
 through him I daily found,
 Who through his lewd ungracious deedes
 hath spent me many a pound ;
 And therefore, let him sinke or swim,
 I meane not for to deale with him.

And therefore sole Executor heere
 I doe thee onely make,
 To pay my debts and legacies ;
 the rest unto thee take.
 Not so, my husband deare, (quoth she)
 But let your sonne be ioynd with me.

For why he is our child, (she sayd)
we can it not denie,
The first that euer graced you
with father's dignitie :
Oh ! that euer you did me loue,
Grant this request for his behoue.

Thy loue, deare wife, was euermore
most pretious unto me ;
And therelore, for thy sweet loue's sake,
I grant thy suit to thee ;
But ere one yeare be fully spent,
I know thou wilt the same repent.

Now was his sonne received home,
and with his mother deare
Was ioynd Executor of the will,
which did his courage cheere.
The old man dying, buried was ;
And now behold what came to passe.

The funerall being ended quite,
it fell vpon a day
Some friend did fetch the Widdow forth,
to drine conceits away :
While she was forth, and thought no ill,
Her wicked sonne doth worke his will.

Possession of the house he took
 in most despitefull wise,
 Throwing his sisters out of doore
 with sad lamenting cryes.
 When this they did his mother shew,
 She would not beliere he would do so.

But when she came unto her house,
 and found it so indeede,
 She cald unto her sonne and said,
 although her heart did bleede,
 Come downe, my sonne, come downe, said she ;
 Let in thy mother and sisters three.

I will not let in my mother, he said,
 nor sisters any one ;
 The house is mine, I will it keepe ;
 Therefore, away begone.
 O sonne ! how canst thou endure to see't,
 Thy mother and sisters to lye i'th' street ?

Did not thy father by his will,
 for tearme of this my life,
 Give me this house for to enjoy,
 without all further strife ?
 And more, of all his goods, said shee,
 I am Executor ioynd with thee.

My father left you the house, he said,
but this was his intent,
That you therefore, during your life,
should pay me pearly rent:
An hundred pound a yeare therefore
You shall give me, or else give it o're.

And sith the Citties custom is
That you your thirds must haue
Of all my father's moueables,
I grant what law doth craue;
But not a penny more will I
Discharge of any legacie.

O wicked sonne, quoth shee, that seekes
thy mother thus to fleece!
Thy father to his daughters gave
three hundred pound a peece:
Tell me, who shall their portions pay,
Appointed at their marriage day?

Then with a scornefull smile he said,
what talke you of so much?
Ten pounds a peece I will them give,
my charity is such.
Now lie upon thee, beast, quoth she,
That thus dost deale with them and me!

But ere that they and I will take
 this iniurie at thy hand,
 The chiefeſt peeres of England ſhall
 the matter vnderſtand.

Say, if you goe to that, quoth he,
 Marke well what I ſhall tell to thee.

Thou haſt a ſecret harlot beene ;
 and this Ile proue full plaine,
 That in my father's lifetyme diſt
 lewde ruffians entertaine ;
 The which diſt then beget of thee,
 In wicked ſort, theſe baſtards theſee.

No daughters to my father, then,
 were they in any wiſe,
 As he ſuppoſed them to be,
 Thou blinding ſo his eyes :
 Therefore, no right at all haue they
 To any penny giuen this day.

When ſhee diſhaue her shameleſſe ſonne
 for to defame her ſo,
 Shee with her louely daughters theſee
 with grieſe away diſt goe.
 But how this matter out diſt fall
 The ſecond part will ſhew you all.

FINIS.

THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET.

PART II.

The second part of the Widdow of Watling Street and her
three Daughters.

To the tune of *the Wanton Wife.*

The beautifull Widdow of Watling Street,
Being thus falsely accused by her sonne,
With her three daughters of fauour so sweet,
Whose beauty the loue of many had wonne,
With her daughters three for succour went she
Unto the King's Counsell of noble degree.

Now fie upon falsehood and forgerie fraile ;
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

Her sonne by writ now summoned is
At the Star-chamber with speed to appeare,
And answer the vile abuses of his,
The Lords of the Counsell the matter will heare.
This newes being brought, his wits he sought,
Whiche way his villany best might be wrought. &c.

Then vp and down the Cittie so faire
 He seeketh companions to serue his turne,
 A sort of vagabonds naked and bare,
 The which to worke murders for money are won.
 These wretches, behold, for money and gold,
 He hired for witness, his lies to uphold.

My masters, quoth he, my mother by name
 To be a lewd strumpet accused I haue;
 And hauing no witnesse to proue the same,
 Your ayde and assistance herein I doe crave:
 Therefore, without feare, before the Lords there,
 That this thing is certain you sise shall it sweare.

The first two, quoth he, shall sweare on a booke
 That sixteene yeares past they plainly did see,
 As they through the garden hedge sadly did looke,
 That she in one houre was abused by three:
 And how it besell, they two markt it well,
 That iust nine moneths after she had her first girle.

The second couple shall sweare in this sort;
 That at Bristow, about thirteene yeares past,
 She with her owne prentice did fall in such sport,
 That her second daughter was got at the last.
 Now trust vs, quoth they, wee'l sweare what you say,
 Or any thing else for money this day.

And thus the third couple their oath now shal take,
That as at the Bath shée stay'd on a day,
For ach in the bones an excuse she did make,
How shée with a Courtier the wanton did play ;
And how, well you wot, in that pleasant plot
Her dearest young daughter for certaine was got.

But now, my masters, your names let me know,
That I may prouide your apparell with speede ;
Like sixe graue Cithens, so you must goe ;
The better your speeches the Nobles will heed.
So shall I with scorne, ere Saturday morne,
Proue her a harlot, my sisters base borne.

My name is Make-shift, the first man did say ;
And Francis Light-singer, the second likewise ;
Cuthbert Creepe-window, the third to display ;
And Rowland Robman with soule staring eyes ;
Jacke Shamelesse came then with Harry Steale-hen :
You are, quoth the Middow, some right honest men.

Before the Lords most prudent and graue
This wretch doth with his witnesses come.
The mother complaines, and justice doth craue,
Of all the offences that he hath her done.
My Lords, than quoth [he], I pray you heare me ;
The Law for my deeds my warrant shall be.

Her sonne sayd also, shee's a harlot most vilde,
 And those be her baslards that stond here in place;
 And that he hath often her body defilde,
 By very good witnessse Ile proue to her face.
 This thing of thy mother thou oughtest to smother:
 Tis shame for a child to speake ill of his Mother.

But if this matter be proued untrue,
 And thou a false lypar be found to thy face,
 Worse than an Infidel, Pagan, or Jew,
 Thou oughtst to be punish't and plagu'd in this case:
 And therefore draw neare, and let us heare
 What says the witness that here doth appeare.

When the first couple did come for to sweare,
 They quiuered and quaked in most wondrous sort;
 The Lords very countenance did put them in feare,
 And now they knew not what to report:
 The second likewise so star'd with their eyes,
 They stammered, and knew not what to devise.

The Lords perceiving the case how it went,
 Did aske the last couple what they had to say,
 Who fell on their knees incontinent,
 Saying they were hired for money that day:
 Quoth they, it is so; the truth for to shew,
 Against the good Middow no harme we doe know.

Thus was the ~~Widdow~~ delivered from blame,
With her three daughters of beauty most bright;
Her sonne reproached with sorrow and shame,
Having his judgement appointed him right:
For sorleit euen all the goods he possesi,
To loose both his eares, and banisht so rest.

When he heard his judgement pronounced to be,
The teares full bitterly fell downe from his face;
To mother and sisters he kneeled on his knee,
Confessing that lucre had brought this disgrace:
That for mine owne gaine I sought to detaine
My sisters' three portions, this lie I did taine.

Therefore, deare Mother, forgiuenesse I craue
Of you and my sisters, offended so sore;
My body from perill if you will but saue,
I sweare I will grieue and offend you no more.
The Lords then replide, the law iustly ride,
The punishment now thou art like to abide.

Therefore to prison now thou shalt goe,
Whereas thou shalt the King's pleasure abide,
From thence to be brought with shame and with woe,
To suffer the punishment due for thy pride.
Then out of hand thou shalt understand,
That presently thou shalt be banisht the land.

Now while in prison this prisoner did rest,
Himselfe he hanged in desperate wise,
Such horrour of conscience possesed his breast;
And being cast forth, the ravens peckt out his eyes.
All children behold, what truth hath been told;
Accuse no man falsely for lucre of gold.
Now fie upon falsehood and forgery fraile;
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

FINIS.

Printed for Fr. Cowles.

MOCK-BEGGER'S HALL;

With his situation in the spacious country called Anywhere.

To the tune of *It is not your Northern Nanny, or Sweet is the Lass that loves me.*

In ancient times, when as plain dealing
Was most of all in fashion,
There was not then half so much stealing,
Nor men so giuen to passion.
But now a days truth so decays,
And false knaves there are plenty,
So pride exceeds all worthy deeds,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

The hangman now the fashion keeps,
And swaggers like our gallants ;
While loue and charity sits and weeps,
To see them waste their talents ;
Spend all their store upon a whore :
Such prodigals there are plenty,
Thus braue it out, while men them flout,
And Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Red Swash hath fetch'd his cloaths from pawn,
 With dropping of the barrell ;
 Joan Dust hath bought a smock of lawn,
 And now begins to quarrell :
 She thinks herselfe, poor silly else,
 To be the best of twenty,
 And yet the whore is wondrous poor,
 While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

I read in ancient times of yore,
 That men of worthy calling
 Built almes houses and spittles store,
 Which now are all down falling ;
 And few men seek them to repair,
 Nor now is there among twenty
 That for good deeds will take any care,
 While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Farm houses which their fathers built,
 And land well kept by tillage,
 Their prodigal sons have sold for gilt
 In every town and village.
 To the City and Court they do resort,
 With gold and silver plenty ;
 And there they spend their time in sport,
 While Mock-begger Hall stands empty

Young landlords, when to age they come,
Their rents they would be racking ;
The tenant must give a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing :
Great fines, and double rent beside,
Or else they'l not content be :
It is for to maintain their monstrous pride,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Their fathers went in homely freez,
And wore good plain cloth breeches ;
Their stockings with the same agrees,
Sewed on with good strong stitches :
They were not [then] called gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty ;
Now every gull's grown worshipfull,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

No gold nor siluer parchment lace
Was worn but by our Nobles ;
Nor would the honest harmless face
Wear cuts with so many doubles.
Their bands were to their shirts sown then,
Yet cloth was full as plenty ;
Now one band hath more cloth than ten,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Now we are apes in imitation,
 The more indeed's the pity ;
 The City followes the stranger's fashion,
 The country followes the City :
 And ere one fashion is known throughout,
 Another they will inuent yee ;
 'Tis all your gallants study about,
 While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Methinks it is a great reproach
 To those that are nobly descended,
 Whan for their pleasures they cannot haue a coach
 Wherewith they might be attended ;
 But every beggerly Jack and Gill,
 That eat scant a good meal in twenty,
 Must through the streets be iaunted still,
 While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

There's some are rattled thorough the streets,
 Probatum est, I tell it,
 Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets ;
 It grieues their hearts to spell it : .
 They are not able two men to keep,
 Whith a coachman they must content be,
 Which at Goldsmiths' hall-door in's box lies asleep,
 While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Our gentlewomen, whose means is nothing
To that which they make show of,
Must use all the fashions in their cloathing,
Which they can hear or know of:
They take such care themselves to deck,
That money is oft so scanty,
The belly is forc'd to complain to the back,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

There is a crue, and a very mad crue,
That about the town doth swagger,
That seem like Knights to the people's view,
And wear both sword and dagger;
That sweeten their cloaths once a week:
Hunger with them is so plenty,
The broker will not haue them to seek,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Some gentlemen and citizens haue,
In diuers eminent places,
Erected houses fine and braue,
Which stood for the owners' graces.
Let any poor to such a door
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are sore,
For Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

F

Thus plainly I to you declare
How strangely times are changed;
What humors in the people are,
How virtue is estranged:
How euerp jackanapes can strut;
Such coxcombs there are plenty,
But at the last in the prison shut,
So Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

FINIS.

London. Printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harp
in Smithfield.

BALLAD TO HIS LADY.

To the tune of *Appelles*.

The rushyng riuers that do run,
The valeys sweet adourned new,
That lean their sides against the sun,
With flours fresh of sundry hew;
Both Ashe, and Elme, and Oke so hye
Do all lament my wofull crye.

While winter blak with hydeous stormes
Doth spoil the ground of somers grene,
While springtime sweet the leaf returns
That late on tree could not be sene;
While sommer burns, while harvest rains,
Stil, styl do rage my restles paynes.

No ende I find to all my smart,
But endles torment I sustayne,
Synce fyrest, alas! my wofull hart
By sight of ther was forst to playne;
Synce that I lost my lybertye,
Synce that thou madstie a slaye of me.

My hart, that once abroade was free,
 Thy beautie hath in durance brought:
 Ons reason rulde and guyded me,
 And now is wyt consumde with thought:
 Ons I rejoysed aboue the sye,
 And now for thee, alas, I dye.

Ons I rejoysed in compayne;
 And now my chiel and whole delyght
 Is from my frendes awaye to sye,
 And kepe alone my weryed spryght.
 Thy face deuyne, and my desyre
 From flesh hath me transformed to syre.

¶ Nature! thou that sprst did frame
 My Ladys heare of purest golde,
 Her face of crystall to the same,
 Her lippes of precious rubbes molde,
 Her necke of alabaster whyte,
 Surmountyng far eche other wight,

 Why dydst thou not that tyme denise,
 Why dydst thou not forese before
 The mischyfesse that therof doth ryse,
 And gries ou gries doth heap with store,
 To make her hart of wax alone,
 And not of flynt and marble stone.

¶ Lady ! shewe thy fauour yet,
Let not thy seruaunt dye for thee ;
¶ Where rygour rulde let mercye syt,
Let ppytie conquere craultie :
Let not disdain, a feend of hell,
Posse the place wher grace should dwell.

BARNABY GOOGE.

FINIS.

Imprynted at London by Thomas Colwell. 1563.

THE LAMENTATION OF ENGLANDE

For the late Treasons conspired against the Queene's Maiestie
 and the whole Realme by Frauncis Throgmorton, who
 was executed for the same at Tyborne on Friday,
 being the tenth day of July last past, 1584.

To the tune of *Weepe, weepe.*

Pray, pray, and praise the Lord, whose wondrous works are seene,
 That brought to light the secret snare laid lately for our Queene.

With brinishe teares and sobbing sighes,

I, Englande, pine in paine,
To see and heare such secret Sectes,
among my people raine :
Now being in my golden prime,
where Nectar sweete doth flowe,
And where the sacred worde is taught,
echo Christian's ioye to shewe.

Pray, pray, &c.

And where the Lord of Lords hath set
his Handmaide pure and cleene,
Annoynting her my rightfull Prince,
to reigne a royall Queene ;
Indued with wisedome from aboue,
and storde with knowledge great,
That flying Fame throughout the world
her praises doth repeate.

Pray, pray, &c.

Who to the sacred worde doth stande
with zeale and godly minde,
Maintaining truth, embracing faith,
and to eche Subject kinde.

Alas ! why then, my people deare,
what is the cause you swerue
Against the Lords annoynted so,
your owne selue wille to serue ?

Pray, pray, &c.

Hau you not Peace and Plentie both,
which other Realmes do want ?

Hau you not worldly pleasures store,
whereof there is no skant ?

Hau I not fostered you with loude,
which Nature bringeth forth ?

Hau I not fed you dayntly,
with Milke and Honey both ?

Pray, pray, &c.

And hau not I a carefull Prince,
the prop of all your stay,

Which loueth me, which cares for you,
and prayes for vs eche day ?

What is the cause such mischieles, then,
among you doe remaine ?

Truely, the fulnes of the flesh,
which you so much obtaine.

Pray, pray, &c.

It makes me weepe with trickling teares,
 And wring my hands full colde,
 To heare, to see, and thinke upon
 The dangers manypolde,
 My louing Prince and Queene is in
 By means of Satan's crew,
 Which often doth conspire the death
 Of her, my Louer true.

Pray, pray, &c.

How many mischeeves are devised !
 how many wayes are wrought !
 How many vilde conspiracies
 against her Grace is sought !
 Yet God, that rules in heauen aboue,
 lookest downe on earth belowe,
 Who dauntes them in their wickednesse,
 and doth his power shewe.

Pray, pray, &c.

For when his highnes doth perceiue
 that dangers are at hande,
 Then doth he shewe by secret meanes
 those perils to withstande ;
 And will not let his chosen flocke
 to perishe on the earth,
 But doth her secret foes confounde
 by meanes of shamefull death.

Pray, pray, &c.

As late was seene by Arden he,
and Sommeruile also,
Who did pretende to kill my Queene,
and worke her Subjects woe :
But God who doth her still defende,
her Grace he did preserue,
And wrought a shame unto them selues,
as they did best deserue.

Pray, pray, &c.

Throgmorton lately did conspire
to ouerthrowe the State,
That Strangers might inuade the Realme
vpon an evening late,
And lande in places where he knewe
the Realme was something weake,
The secret of which thing he did
to forraigne Princes breaue.

Pray, pray, &c.

His dealing with the Queen of Scottes,
by letters too and fro,
Informing her and other States
of all that he did knowe ;
What frends in England they should find,
what power they should bring,
Our Queene thereby for to displace :
this was a wofull thing.

Pray, pray, &c.



He sought to dispossesse my Queene
 of dignitie and Crowne,
 And place a Stranger in her State,
 thereby to tread her downe :
 Ireland and Scotland, by advise,
 the enemie should inuade,
 Then into England bring a power,
 as he the plat had made.

Pray, pray, &c.

These were the treasons which he wrought,
 my good Queene to displace,
 To spyle the State of all this Realme,
 such was his want of grace :
 But God, who doth protect me still,
 offended at the same,
 Even in his yong and tender yeares,
 did cut him off with shame.

Pray, pray, &c.

O thou Throgmorton, wicked wight,
 why didst thou this devise ?
 Why did the feare of God and Prince
 depart so from thine eyes ?
 No Rebelles power shall her displace,
 God will defende her still,
 Her Subiectes all will loose their liues,
 ere Traytors haue their will.

Pray, pray, &c.

And though he florish't for a space,
in seeking his intent,
When to the pit's brink that he came,
God did his worke prevent ;
And did preserue, in spight of him,
his chosen vessell pure,
That she might florish still in peace,
my comfort to procure.

Pray, pray, &c.

When as the servants of the Lorde,
I meane the children three,
Were put into the fierie Ouen,
destroyed for to bee,
Then fierie flames did them no harme,
they sung and prayed with ioye,
And those which stood to worke their woe
the sparkles did destrope.

Pray, pray, &c.

And when the Children of the Lord
King Pharao did pursue,
To drowne them in the coming floods,
God was a Captaine true :
The waues like walles stood on ech side,
and they free passadge founde,
And Pharao with his mightie hoste
came after and was drounde.

Pray, pray, &c.

Euen so the Lord, by his great might,
 my comfort doth maintaine,
 In keeping and preserving still
 my Prince from Traitors traine;
 And did preserue her from the harmes
 Throgmorton did pretende,
 Who euen at Tyborne for the same
 did make a shamefull ende.

Pray, pray, &c.

And though such Impes do worke her spites
 ten thousande kinde of wates,
 Yea, though the deuill himselfe do sit,
 to spople her golden daies,
 Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong,
 their courage soone shall quaile:
 So long as God stands on her side,
 no power shall preuaile.

Pray, pray, &c.

Therefore, my louing people deare,
 graunt England her request,
 Pray to the Lord, him serue with feare,
 and Traitors hearts detest:
 Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith,
 walke in the path of peace,
 Obey your Prince, fight in her cause,
 and England's wealth encrease.

Pray, pray, &c.

And with new warning take new hearts,
olde venomed minds detest;
Eschue all sinne, encrease good works,
that you in peace may rest:
From all olde customes that are euill,
put on the new man, Christ,
And newly change your former lynes,
and learne to please the highest.
Pray, pray, &c.

W. M.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, by Richard Ihones.

THE PRAISE OF OUR COUNTRY BARLY-
BRAKE.

OR,

Cupid's advisement to young men, to take
Up this loving old sport, called Barly-brake.

To the tune of *When this Old Cap was new.*

Both young men, maids, and lads,
of what state or degree,
Whether south, east, or west,
or of the north Country,
I wish you all good health,
that, in this summer's weather,
Your sweet-hearts and yourselves
play at Barly-brake together.

As it a custome was,
so let it flourish still :
Flora again hath deckt
your much frequented hill,
And Phebus too deuides
what Boreas parts together,
That he, with furious chides,
doth not ore cast the weather.

Then, sith the cause so stands,
that all these think it good,
To put their helping hands,
let nothing be withstood :
Fulfull the prouerb old,
your louers in faire weather,
As well as to make hay,
play Barly-brake together.

If thy loue gine the stroake,
be sure to haue an eye,
Before hand it is spoke,
then follow presently ;
And if thou dost him catch,
then pray for more fine weather,
That you may play a match,
at Barly-brake together.

Then William loued Nan,
and that with such good will,
That they of loue must scan,
upon yon greeny hill :
Their talke is not of wealth,
but how they may perseuer
In that same loue was showne
at Barly-brake together.

Then Thomas loved Nell ;
 although her friends were poore,
 Her vertue did excell,
 she needed then no more.

J. Nicholas then would smile,
 and Philip pleas'd was ever,
 When they could play a while
 at Barly-brake together.

Pay, Simon, Franke, and Steuen,
 with Sisly, Doll, and Mary,
 Need not to this be drinen,
 Nor Kate that keepes the dary ;
 For with a forward mind,
 not fearing wind nor weather,
 She knowes young men are kind,
 at Barly-brake together.

Then Harry would bestow
 wine, beere, and cakes on Bridget ;
 But now 'tis nothing so,
 his father doth forbid it :
 If wealthy maidis be slack,
 there's few that dare shew fauour,
 Their fathers keep them back ;
 no, no, you shall not haue her.

And that was Cupid's time,
whrein he got much praise,
For none did usher then
in his schoole in those dapes :
Now lust his ushers hand,
and pride beares such a sway,
That all his shafts are burn'd,
that were so sweet and gay.

When as this mirth was vsed,
of which I now doe write,
Loue was not so abused,
nor in so bad a plight
As he is now adapes ;
for though he be no foole,
Amongst his schollers now,
he is hist out of his schoole.

But cheere vp, pretty maids,
for now Ile leaue the city,
And bring your country blades,
vnto their former pitty ;
And if they euer did love,
so shall they now perseuer,
And you shall play like doves,
at Barly-brake together.



It is a lively sport,
to set how nimblely,
You need no great report
the same to testifie ;
To see with sweet imbrace,
each lad his lasse doth clip,
And, laping face to face,
doth taste each other's lip.

Thus are our country youth,
both merry, too, and toyall,
If they set loue, 'tis truth,
they hate to be disloyall ;
And therefore in their praise
my pen shall write for euer,
Because they loue doe raise
at Barly-brake together.

And many pastimes more,
which long hath been neglected,
Again to you is restor'd,
then let it be respected :
And as in times before,
so doe you now perseuer,
Then will you euer loue sore
at Barly-brake together.

Therefore, you country maids,
that are to London gone,
Let me with faire persuades
intreat you to come home.
If you your lone will meet,
make haste, and hie you hether,
That he and you may greet
at Barly-brake together.

Then thinke not you amisse
of this my good advise,
Nor for to take a kisse,
I pray you, be not nice ;
Tis Cupid doth direct
you how you may perseuer,
Let that be no neglect,
at Barly-brake together.

Then will old customes come,
unto their former vse,
And Lone be made amends
for this his great abuse,
That he hath long sustain'd,
in country, town, and city,
And lust shall be arraign'd,
and none shall plead for pity.

Because he hath desil'd,
what Loue hath oft united,
And so unloos'd the knot,
that Cupid so delighted,
To see in every breast,
within this summer's weather,
True Louers never blest,
but when they play together.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

